The Faithful Lovers,

OR

Johnny's Return.

AS Nancy fair, in deep deſpair,
Sat ſinging in a grove,
My Johnny's gone, I'm left forlorn,
Oh! falſe and perjur'd Love

The vows you made my heart betray'd,
And my virginity;
Twelve months and more he's left the ſhore,
To croſs the raging ſea.

Why ſo unkind to leave behind,
Nancy, your only dear;
With you I'd go to face each foe,
For you I'd nothing fear.

I'd change theſe cloaths, theſe ſilken hoſe,
For trowſers and jacket blue;
And help my dear to reef and ſteer,
Each danger ſhare with you.

While thus ſhe moan'd her love return'd,
Johnny tripp'd o'er the plain,
And met the fair, Nancy his dear,
She claſp'd her tender ſwain.

This golden ſtore from India's ſhore,
No more abroad I'll roam;
In peacefulneſs our lives 'twill bleſs,
So take your wanderer home.

She gave conſent, to church they went,
The happy knot was ty'd;
The mutual bliſs they now poſſeſs,
John and Nancy his Bride.